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The Liberal

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DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

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"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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"All mysteries of science and theology fade away before the grandeur of the simple perception of duty."

—William Ellery Channing.

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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A SUNDAY IN THE OLD HOME CHURCH

Ever since I left my home in the little village of Linden, Michigan, I have never let a year pass without paying it a visit. Sometimes I could only remain for two or three hours and the demands of a busy life have never let me stay over three days at any time. It is the most sacred spot in all this world to me. Every memory of my childhood is associated with its beauty and charm. There I was born and there I wish to rest in the quietness of that last long sleep. The little village of less than six hundred people would appear to the traveller and casual observer as only another "small town" but to one who knows its heart and soul it has an appeal of distinction.

Nature was lavish in her endowments. The laughing rollicking waters of the Shiawasee River flow, with the love and intimacy of all little rivers, through the heart of the hamlet. The village is fringed with lakes. On every highway leading from the center of the town you will pass by a lake before you have gone five miles. Every lake is a very intimate and dear friend of mine while the Shiawasee has been my comrade for low these many years. From the porch of my boyhood home I could toss a ball into the stream. I learned to swim in its waters where the only style of swimming that young lads knew was "dog fashion." Less than half a mile down the stream was our "swimmin' hole." An old oak tree kept guard over us. I wonder if the boys in the home town today still plan behind their old Harper's Geography in the village school their swimming excursions? I wonder if the "Old Oak" means as much to them as it did to me? Riley had his "old Swimmin' Hole," but Rollo Spenser, Earl Laing, Howard Wilson, Ransom Fowler, Frank and Clarence Hopkins, Dwight Sanborn, Earl Jewett, Guy Sage and I had "the Old Oak Bend." The years have drifted us apart and some of the lads of those years have crossed another river but across the miles and through the years my heart is sending them wherever they are tonight, kindly thoughts and precious memories of boyhood days together. How grateful I am for such a childhood! How fortunate I am to have had such an environment for the early years. Nature unfolded to me her beauty before the things that man has made intruded with their veneer and demands. I knew trees, birds, stars, clouds, rivers, lakes, sunsets and hills before I knew sky scrappers, telephones, street cars and automobiles.

I wanted to see the old places and old faces again before I began my winter's work in Chicago. Like Stevenson the "hills of home" were beckoning. What folly it is ever to permit the pressure of life the power of separating us from the scenes of childhood. One can never "go home" too often. Whenever my lecture engagements take me any where near home I always try and plan an itinerary that may give me an hour or two there. I accepted an invitation to deliver the commencement address for the Theological Seminary in Meadville with an alacrity which I otherwise might not have done had I not anticipated that the journey east would make it possible for me to spend a day at home. So closing my vacation two weeks earlier than usual I sailed on the S. S. Octorara from Duluth to Buffalo on September 20th. It was the steamer's last trip of the sea-

son and as she backed away from the wharf in Duluth at 8:30 in the evening the harbor crafts of all sorts and sizes whistled salute after salute of "Good-byes." Being a lover of boats and a kinsman of the sea I never travel by rail when circumstances permit going by water. Our first night out Lake Superior was in one of her restful quiet moods. Perhaps the glorious September moon had bewitched her into quietness. Yet the stillness of the night seemed to portend a change of weather. My suspicions were confirmed when I saw the barometer in the captain's room. I knew the equinoctial storms were due and several friends who know the caprices of Lake Superior had warned me not to go. Sunday morning found us at Houghton where we stopped for an hour. Then we sailed through the Portage Canal and lake emerging again into Superior in the afternoon. A thick fog greeted us. Standing in the very prow of the steamer I could see only a few feet ahead while the regular shriek of the fog whistle added a thrill to the experience. Still we steamed slowly and cautiously onward. I have talked with many navigators on both fresh and salt water and all were of one opinion in regard to a fog. It is regarded with anxiety by all who travel the highways of the sea. By afternoon an increasing wind had dissipated the fog and the waves were beginning to break in tumbling crests of white water. The wind continued to rise and by the early hours of Monday we were running into Whitefish Bay before a sixty mile gale. I know of no place where Nature revels in her fury as she does in a storm at sea. She gives no quarter. She knows no mercy. Man is not considered. Ruthless and powerful she releases the frenzy of her infuriation. Such sublimity, such majesty, such strength and such drama!

At Sault Ste. Marie we found a fleet of ore boats at anchor in St. Mary's River waiting for better weather. We kept on our schedule and arrived in Buffalo exactly on time. I shall never forget the indescribable beauty of Lake Huron, as we passed Detour and entered the extreme northern arm of the lake. We passed several boats downward bound and the seas would toss them about like toy ships in a park lagoon. The spray would glisten like myriads of diamonds as the bows of the ships would meet the waves. It was glorious. We did not know it at the time or the majesty of the storm would have been less appealing if we had known that a good ship with twenty-eight souls would be the offering to the storm. We learned at Detroit late Monday night that a ship had been lost with all hands just a few miles from where we were. They had no wireless aboard and the finding of a part of the pilot house on the Canadian shore was the mute messenger of the tragedy.

The day I left Duluth I received an invitation from the pastor of the Methodist Church in my home town asking me if I would not preach for him on the following Sunday as he had heard I would be visiting my old home. So cordial was the invitation that I found refusal impossible. I do not think that any sermon I have ever preached caused me more pre-delivery anxiety. It was on my mind every moment of the intervening days.

I returned to Detroit on Saturday and my sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Russell V. Judson, with my two little nieces, Jean and Roseann, motored the fifty-five miles to the farm home. My father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bradley, greeted us with a joyful welcome. And then I had a most pleasant surprise for at home I found that Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison of our Chicago Church had driven to Linden to hear me preach and bring me back to Chicago in their car. We had a happy Saturday evening together on the farm. Sunday dawned with threatening skies and by church time it was raining hard. The farm home is two miles and a half from the village church. I

felt certain as we drove along through the rain that I would speak to a very small audience but on arriving at the church we found it difficult to get in. It seemed to me that the entire population had come out to the service.

I found that the Presbyterian Church had decided to unite with the Methodists in the service. I had been brought up in the Presbyterian Church and I was deeply touched when my old church decided to abandon its services for the day and have a union service. What a pity that there is not more co-operation and less competition between churches. As I walked into the pulpit with the Methodist and Presbyterian ministers I had only one thought. I wished that a beautiful mother who was sleeping in the village cemetery less than half a mile away might have been there too.

The church was filled. Extra chairs had been brought in and many were standing in the vestibule. I have known all of my life most every one in the church and they had known me. There sat old men whose mellon patches I had visited on dark nights as a boy and whose grapes were always sweeter when no one was around. My school teacher was there. They were all my friends. They knew all about me. My dreams, failures, mistakes, ideals of boyhood days they were as familiar with as I am myself. There were people there who never attended any church but they wanted to hear "Preston preach." I have never grown up to them and I have no desire to ever do so. It wasn't much of a sermon that I gave them. My heart was too full of memories. Yet I have rarely been in a service where there was a deeper spiritual presence. They helped me through, every one of them. After the service one by one they came to the front and shook my hand. More than one said to me, "well, my boy, I remember the day you were born." Oh, I tell you, it was good to clasp their hands. There were no idle-meaningless compliments or obvious flattery. They meant what they said. I left that little white church resolved as never before to be true to those old time friends of my boyhood days and make every effort to meet their loyal expectations. We were not Presbyterians, Methodists or Unitarians in that service—we were just old friends—knowing and loving each other. That Sunday in the old home church will abide with me while life lingers. My beloved father was my most interested listener. He sat not far from the front and as I looked at his earnest upturned face I felt that I wanted more than anything else to make him glad he could say — "That is my son."

WHY GO TO CHURCH?

Whenever the opportunity presents itself I frequently ask those with whom I am in conversation, "Do you go to Church?" If they answer in the affirmative I ask them why they go and if they are non-church goers I inquire why they stay away. The answers are most varied and exceedingly interesting. I have learned that those who stay away from church usually have more definite reasons than those who know why they attend church. At least they are more pronounced and dogmatic in their replies.

With the regular church attendant church going has become a habit and if suddenly called upon to give decisive answer as to its value they usually hesitate and contemplate. But not so with the non-attendant. They are quick to reply. The most frequent reaction which they give to me is expressed in the thought that they do not feel any need of attending church. Most people at some period of life have attended with certain regularity some church. All sorts of circumstances have contributed to their abandonment of

the church. Change of residence, the forming of different friendships, cultural development, economic conditions, disillusionment by those in the church, factional church conflicts, moral collapse of some minister, intellectual disagreement with the theology of the church and many other factors have contributed to their lack of interest. It seems to be that the only justified and legitimate reason for remaining away from the church is the one of being intellectually out of harmony with the theology of the church. The others are merely superficial excuses and can easily be refuted. But the individual who is intellectually honest and cannot accept the medieval theology preached in many pulpits has an attitude which at once is commanding in its importance. It requires more fortitude than most of us possess to sit through a beautiful service of music and worship only to have our intelligence insulted when it comes to the sermon. The attempt of the clergy to induce church attendance by all sorts of methods and then to shabbily present the great issues of a man's relationship with God and his fellows is a pathetic picture indeed. Church organization and machinery can never maintain church attendance. Running a church on a business basis will not meet the difficulty. The church is not a business institution. Frequently some business man thinks that he makes a serious accusation against the church when he vociferously says — "the church ought to be run on a business basis." What does he say when you reply that his business ought to be run on a "religious basis?" That places a different aspect on the situation and usually he doesn't care to acknowledge the point. The truth is that there is a church to meet the demands of every type of individual and every individual is the loser by not being identified with some church. The philosophy expressed by Mrs. Wiggs in her cabbage patch is most applicable to the condition.

Merely going to a church for intellectual stimilus or educational advantage is not the highest motive. Nevertheless the clergy cannot overlook this attitude on the part of many as one of the reasons for empty pews. Being an educator is only one of the requirements of the minister. There are many others which complement this. Too many ministers try to compete with the university professor. The effective preacher must appeal to the whole man. The heart as well as the head must be incorporated in his sermon. This is a world of problems. Every one of us are carrying heavy burdens. Cares dwell in the heart. Anxieties and worries harrass the mind. Complications abound on all sides. It is the wise preacher who tries to bring to such as are burdened with these conditions the inspiration and helpfulness of spiritual realities. Every great preacher I have ever heard and every great sermon I have ever read was divided into three parts, educational, illuminative and inspirational, these three but the greatest of these is—inspirational.

THE FUTURE OF FOSDICK

Few ministers at any time have received more publicity than Harry Emerson Fosdick and few men have conducted themselves with a finer spirit through it all. As far as the ecclesiastical problems are concerned the matter seems to be a closed incident with the honors going to Dr. Fosdick. To retain his own self respect and remain intellectually consistent there was nothing for him to do but resign from his preaching mission in the First Presbyterian Church of New York. Technically and in harmony with Church policy the Presbyterians were justified in asking for his resignation in the event that he would not comply with their demands Every church and ecclesiastical body is perfectly within their prerogative

in establishing and maintaining certain standards of ministerial qualification. The character of these conditions determine the progressiveness of the Church body. Herein is the tragedy of the entire matter. Fosdick as a Presbyterian would be the same man as Fosdick the Baptist but his creedal affiliations would be transferred. It seemed rather incongruous that after the epithets and unreserved abuse which has been hurled against Dr. Fosdick since he preached his famous sermon on "Will the Fundamentalists Win?" that he would be welcome in the Presbyterian Church by subscribing to the Westminister Confession of Faith. Yet such was the final attitude of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. From my acquaintanceship with several Presbyterian ministers I know that there are many regular Presbyterian Pastors as liberal in their views as is Dr. Fosdick. They have met the demands of their Church machinery and the church dare not try them for their views. Some editors and ministers have impugned a more sinister motive to the demands of the Presbytery against Dr. Fosdick. They feel that if Dr. Fosdick had accepted the ultimatum and became affiliated with the Presbyterian Church that the church would be in a position to try Fosdick for some future utterance and thereby humiliate and unfrock him. If such thoughts were in the background the heroic and manly attitude of Dr. Fosdick has completely frustrated them.

It is rather disheartening that the splendid ministry of Dr. Fosdick in the First Presbyterian Church New York should cease but the whole affair has only made it possible for him to have a still wider and more expansive ministry. Truth flourishes under persecution and no edict of any church can prevent the truth from being known. What a backward step Fosdick would have made to have left the democracy of the Baptist Church where the minister is only accountable to the church he serves for the hierarchy of Presbyterianism. For years a certain faction of the Baptists tried to banish Dr. George Burman Foster but they never succeeded. Probably the Methodist and the Congregational Churches are as free from the heresy-hunters as any of the denominations except the most liberal and free of any—the Unitarian Church.

One need only familiarize themselves with the books of Dr. Fosdick to realize the deep abiding presence of the spiritual realities in his life. They are tremendous influences in this tumultuous age. I cannot fathom the type of mind that cannot see their spiritual significance. The liberals of all denominations are back of Dr. Fosdick. He is not liberal enough for some and too liberal for others but all are a unit in realizing his intellectual heroism and spiritual radiance. He is loved and accepted in the British Isles for his true worth for there this detestable and unchristian bitterness of the American Churches has not penetrated.

The future of Dr. Fosdick is secure and his influence only increased by the attitude of those who sought to silence him. I sometimes wish that he might not accept the myriads of opportunities for a settled pastorate. If he would only become a preacher-at-large and would spend his energies throughout the pulpits of the land bringing his message of light and love to many a discouraged and struggling group. Every Sunday he would preach a hundred pulpits would be asking for him and not a few of these would be Presbyterian in character. A century from now the records of the "Fosdick Case" will make interesting reading for the students of the development of religious liberalism in America. I wonder if our Presbyterian friends will be proud of their part in the matter? On the "Sermon on the Mount," the "Beautitudes" or the Golden Rule in the Westminister Confession of Faith? Yet these are the very rudiments of Christianity. Did Jesus ever anticipate

The Apostles Creed or the Nicean Creed? What is Christianity? The world is waiting for an answer. Men like Dr. Fosdick are trying to answer the question and from men like him is the answer being made. Verily, he is about His Master's business and I wish him strength of body and continued brilliancy of mind that the religion of the Nazarene might be preached with all its beauty, simplicity and love rather than as a system of creeds, dogmas and outgrown traditions.

"THE GLORY OF THE COMMONPLACE"

It is a serious mistake for us ever to permit life to become monotonous or irksome. Beginning every day as a new day is the sublime task of living. Most of the unhappiness of life can be traced to an inability to discover in the things we see and do every day the element of romance and delight. The irritation which is so disturbing to the peace of mind is largely of our own making. The expressions of life are largely a matter of constant repetitions and unless we can sublimate each act this matter of living is quite likely to become wearisome. The demands upon us are such that most of us are compelled to spend the major part of life doing about the same things in the same way almost every day. This routine has a pronounced tendency of taking the joy out of living. Life ought always to be joyful and living a continuous experience of happiness. How to express life alienated from drudgery and the commonplace is our problem. I think our problem would be less difficult if we persistently tried to discover the uncommon in the commonplace and the unusual in the usual. The more we can add to our interests in life the less likely is life to develop a staleness. A life devoid of interest in the highest creations of the art and mind of man is dangerously near the deadliness of monotony. Enrichment of the mind is a sure antidote for the deadening influences of the daily task. The more we increase our radius of interest the more attractive does our daily labor become. There are no common tasks and there are no ruts in life that cannot be avoided. Keeping life fresh and crisp by cultivating an interest in every act and condition of life is the secret of happiness. I have just been reading "The London Adventure" by Arthur Machen and was deeply impressed by his recognition of the uncommon in the things that to less discerning minds would be thought of as decidedly common. The most unfathomable things all about us are those with which we have hourly contact. The sky, the stars, the clouds, trees, birds, even air and light are all inpenetrable mysteries. These can never become so much a part of life as to lose their beauty. And where beauty is there is delight and joy. Dr. Fosdick once said a very illuminating truth when he spoke these words, "The kind of insight which discovers happiness in difficult situations, commonplace people and customary tasks is one of the surest tests of character, for it always involves generosity, appreciativeness, love. The man who cannot know abiding happiness is the self-absorbed man." While Bishop Quayle who could see "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything" expressed in his picturesque l a n g u a g e the same thought in the lines, "Not one step of the journey of life is uneventful. We are always confronted by the new and alluring. The common things must always be the chief delight of all such as have lived deeply." There is a glory to the commonplace and it rests in the discovery that there isn't any such thing.

BOOK CHATS

Most readers look forward to the fall and winter months as offering an opportunity of resuming their literary pleasures. The long winter evenings, the glow of the open fire and the easy chair are delights to the book lover. How easy it is to shut out the bizarre activities of an over energized age by a good book!

The multitude of books makes selection rather a difficult matter. There is so much one would like to read and so little time for reading that the problem of selection is very arduous. I think it is much better to read one worthwhile book carefully than to read many books skimmingly. A book represents the best effort of the writer and as such is entitled to careful perusal if worthly of touching at all.

The fall offerings of the publishers are most auspicious. They make me feel as though I would like to spend most of the winter in trying to catch up with the feast of good things they offer. As always fiction leads the list numerically and as usual the most of the books are only participants in a passing parade. There is one, however, which has brought great delight and profit to me and will, I think, become one of the outstanding books of the year. Mr. E. M. Forster has done an artistic and valuable work in his "A Passage to India" published by Harcourt, Brace and Company. It has the elements of permanency and the quality of endurance. Its literary merit commends itself to all who love the artistry of expressing truth with distinction.

The same publishers have given us a book which Mr. Thomas Boyd in the Saturday Review said "several people tried unsuccessfully to write." I have read no book using the war as a background which so successfully treats of the disillusionment of war. It contains a picture of the modern girl which makes the characterization of other writers who wrote of the flapper seem amateurish and puerile. John Farrar most properly esteemed the book when he said, "If you are not afraid to look at war without sentimentality, I say this book is for you." It is sure to remain permanently a part of our war record. These two books of fiction are worthy of careful reading.

For the students of liberalism Dr. Dinsmore, who is professor of Spiritual Interpretation of Literature in the Yale Divinity School has given us "Religious Certitude in an Age of Science." I always ask when reading a book like this if our Fundamentalist friends ever read it. He points out most lucidly how the fundamental principles of Christianity are in no way invalidated by modern scientific discoveries and investigations.

Instead of destroying a man's faith a book like this only intensifies it. It substantiates a thought which I have long held that there is such a thing as a rational theism. The book has barely a hundred pages and can be read again and again with edification and profit.

"The Red Dusk and Tomorrow" by Sir Paul Dukes, K. B. E. and published by Doubleday Page & Co., is a valuable addition to the information concerning Russia. More has been printed about the conditions of Russia than any other country in the last five years and it has been difficult to weed the wheat from the chaff.

One of the most interesting books that has found its way to my study table in many a day is "The Diary of Otto Braun," published by Alfred A. Knopf. If is the revealing of a great soul through the pages of a great diary that he never expected would appear in print. It is always comparatively easy to detect in diaries and journals the fact of whether the writer anticipated publication. Here was a youngster with the soul of a poet, the nature of the spiritual mystic who was killed just before his twenty-first birthday in the war. Read it and then estimate if you can the destruction which war brought to the potential genius of the race.

HOME AGAIN!

When we came home I thought I would only have to sit down at my writing table and words would flow from my pen easily and gracefully grouping themselves into sentences expressive of my thoughts.

Without the lake scintilating in sun or moonlight, wooing one from anything like work, without the glimpse of color on wing of bird darting from branch to branch—now here—now there—luring one to stealthy pursuit just to catch a closer view, without the great pines and birches waving their arms and beckoning one with friendly hands to come out and breathe the fresh invigorating air, —without the countless fascinations of our lovely island and all the wonder-beauty of that North country in inveigle one into the open and away from everything pprosaic or laborious,—without all this, and back in the city where the very atmosphere is so impregnated with work and hurry and bluster and rush one would need to arise very early indeed to indulge in day-dreams, I thought it would not be difficult at all to write my monthly contribution for The Liberal; but here I am with piles of neat white paper before me, which for three days has lain invitingly on my desk and still remains unmarred by written word. I seem to be in a provokingly indeterminate state of mind, and frankly confess I do not know what to write about.

Suppose we draw our chairs a bit closer to the fire and sort of talk things over. In spite of "steam heat" which is never in evidence when needed, a blazing log in an open fireplace sends out a comforting warmth these cool evenings, and is ever conducive to friendly chats and confidences.

There is chill in the air tonight and a mist hangs over the city. Indian Summer which has lingered with us so long and which has been so delightful, I fear is stealing away under cover of the night, and Fall has come in with the fog.

The Fall seems to me to carry one back to one's childhod days more than any other season of the year. Haven't you been walking home just at dusk one of these afternoons and passed a small pile of dry leaves burning in a gutter, raked there from the patch of grass in front of an apartment building, and watched over by a scowling janitor; and as the blue smoked curled up in the autumn air and you inhaled that mellow pungent odor, haven't you been carried back, and through that hazy smoke didn't you see again all the familiar faces of the girls and boys of your neighborhood in childhood days, as you all danced and froliced like elves around a bon-fire? These days children don't know what a bon-fire is, do they?

And haven't you passed on your walk, perhaps on some side street, an old fashioned house set in a yard, with fall flowers still blooming in the garden border, dahlias astors and brilliant salvia,—and from the open kitchen door at the back issues forth on the breeze the faint sweet odor of jam cooking, or the delicious appetizing odor of spices and vinegar from some marvelous pickle concoction, and immediately as you sniff the air you are transported to the big old kitchen with windows and door opening into the back yard and garden, the kitchen where an enormous range huge kettles held bubbling steaming "apple-butter" or spiced pears or "piccalilli," and grandmother gives you the spoonful to spread on bread she has "tried out" in a saucer. Do people make the same things now? If they do they don't taste the same!

Well the Fall is a busy time for everybody; children starting in school, older students beginning a new year in high-school or university, housewives with their preserves and pickles, business men preparing for the winter, and not by any means least is the church

with its renewed activities after the vacation period. To this busy whirl of city life we have come, after three months in the quiet and peace of our island home. There is a great joy and thrill to it—the coming back to our work—our Church and our friends.

The Woman's Club and Temple Club have planned a splendid year's work. They were never more enthusiastic — never more earnest; and the Choir far from being the least of our church organizations, is to be commended for their faithful and excellent work. What an inspiration they are as they swing down the aisle in their robes, singing the processional! And now the Woman's Club have rented a hall to make a pleasant and advantageous meeting place, not only for themselves, but for all the church activities—but that will be another story.

The log that was blazing so cheerfully in the fireplace is now burning low, from the window I see the street lights blinking dimly through the mist; automobiles are passing rapidly to and fro, there is chill in the night air, it is Fall, we are back in the City —and the busy, interesting, happy season of work and fellowship lies ahead!

Grace T. Bradley.

"REALITY IN RELIGION"

An Extemporaneous Sermon Delivered By Dr. Bradley, Stenographically Reported.

There have been but a few times in the history of the world when religion has received the emphasis that it is receiving today. There certainly has never been a time in the history of the United States where more people are thinking upon matters of religious import than they are at the present time.

Almost for the first time in the history of American journalism religion has gone to the front page, where religion at one time was considered to be a very intimate subject of conversation it is now a very frequent occurence,—at least, I have found it so in my travels,—to hear men that you would not think of at all as being interested in the philosophical representation of religious Truth, discussing the questions and problems that up to the last decade seemed to be the especial property of the theologian.

Theology is now quite the common property of all of us, and each of us in turn become somewhat of a theologian, with a theological tendency toward all the problems of life. And it is most refreshing that this condition should prevail, and it is most encouraging to the religionists that this condition should exist. Because the more people will discuss and the more people will think about questions of religion the higher and more beautiful type of religion will we concretely express. The moment we take out of our brains all of the fog and mist that has been implanted there by the traditions of the centuries the higher conception of religion we will have. Then with the light of reason and with the power of the intellect bring to this question of religion those faculties which will, when applied to the problem of religion, not decrease our faith but increase our faith, not belittle God, but magnify God, not be detrimental to the highest flowering of religion, but rather be instrumental to a fuller and more complete development of religious life and religious truth.

It seems to me to be a cowardly method for one to run away from the intellectual demands that the theologians of the street and of the counting-room and of the newspaper desk and of the office and the store and the factory are making against the theologians of the

pulpits. Very frequently the attitude of the thinker upon religious questions and the man who has specialized more or less on religious questions, very frequently the attitude of that man is that when the laity come to him with some problem in theology the attitude assumed toward the laity is the attitude of superiority, so that instead of answering the questionnaire that comes to us we create more of a gulf or barrier between him and religious truth.

If we are in earnest our effort to have brought to the world a vision of religious truth, an ideal of morality and of ethics, highly sensitized and spiritualized by the very best impulses of life, then we cannot afford to be afraid of any offering which science or philosophy have to make to assist in deciding what is true and what is false in the realm of religion. Any time we close the windows of the mind and refuse to let in a new light just at that time do we add to the useless traditions of the past, and only make it more difficult for people to be genuninely religious rather than easier for them to understand the fundamentals of religious truth. The mere fact that religion today is occupying such a universal position in our hearts is evidence of the fact that universally we are all primarily and fundamentally religious; that we are persistently in every activity of life trying to adjust the intellectual ramifications of the mind, the moral emphasis of society into one single fabric, and that fabric to constitute our program in life, so there will be no intellectual or moral inconsistencies in the unity of our personality and of our offering.

What is more attractive in the world today than to find an individual that is so highly intellectualized and has such an expanded equipment of intellectual integrity that associated with that intellectualism is a beauty of the spirit, a deep consciousness of moral responsibilities, an effort to contribute the highest expression he can to meet the obligations of his citizenship, for instance, a man who is living life in terms of unity, a man who is supremely developed in all gradations and emotions of existence, and who is not abnormally developed in any, who has none of the capacity of the fanatic. No fanatic has ever made one single contribution to human progress, and no fanatic ever will. It is also when we look at life in terms of totality, with reference to the cosmic import of our existence, that we become sufficiently developed and sufficiently expanded to be force a and a power in this world today.

Now it requires, if we develop to this unity of moral and spiritual expression, that we shall bring an intellectual integrity to every problem of religion, so that after we have stated an opinion or formulated a creed people will look at us with an element of responsibility, and we have an authoritative influence in the world in which we move.

There is a type of man that very glibly looks askance of all creeds and simply says: "I have no creed whatever in matters of religion." The mere fact that you say "I have no creed" is evidence of the truth that the mere having no creed is your creed. That is a paradox, you will see that it is true.

Rather involved, but most interesting.

The fact of the matter is, my friends, there is a divine dogmatism that none of us, no matter how we may boast of our intellectual liberty, can escape. The intellectual world is obedient for its continuity and for its highest expression upon certain definite and fundamental laws; and only can we have the highest offering of the world's natural sciences as those laws are obeyed and are honored. Now the same thing is true in the world of the intellect, and the same law applies in the world of the spiritual. There are certain dogmatisms, if you please, that each of us, no matter how we may boast of our liberality, we must follow if we are to retain the highest unity and to get the most out of life; certain fundamental things that we must anchor

to in the presence of fact—not of fancy, but of fact, that we can anchor to and tie to as being realities.

Religion is not all conjecture; religion is not all merely the fancies and romance of a highly mystified and spiritualized ideal. Religion has certain definite pragmatic and operative principles, and it is these definite and operative principles that can be made the reality in religion of all creeds and all races.

Precisely here rests the potentiality of religious truth. If it were possible for us to find out the realities in religion and take those realities as a part of our program in life then what we are called or the label of our church or the statement of a creed would matter little in the final adjustment of the completeness of life and the art of living.

Our inability to over-emphasize the non-essential has always been the barrier of religious liberty and truth. Our eternal persistency to emphasize that aspect of religious truth which has been formulated into some definite doctrine, extraneous to moral or ethical development, has been the greatest barrier religion has ever had to face. And the fact that today by the conversations of religion that are taking place on the part of the laymen of the world, not only by the minister, the priest or the rabbi, but by the laymen of the world, their tendency is to dissect the real from the fanciful, and to emphasize the pragmatic in religion until—if there ever will come a unity of the Christian Churches, it will not come from the clergy; it will come from the laity; it will come from the men and women who are trying to express the Christian philosophy in terms of pragmatism rather than from those who are trying to express it in terms of intellectual agreements. There will never come a time I think when we can intellectually agree about the disputed matters of religious belief, but there never ought to be a time when we cannot agree upon the program of Christianity in human society and amongst ourselves as Christians and as men and women. There may be an argument of a theological import, as to the truth of certain doctrines of the church, but there can never be an argument as to the fact that lying is sin, that stealing is sin, that hate is sin, that war is sin, that envy and slander and hurting and all of these things are contrary to the highest expression of moral beauty. We can all of us be a unit upon these things, where we might not be a unit upon matters of intellectual controversy.

And it seems to me, my friends, in the light of the present condition of the world and human society that what we need more than anything else is a revival, a renaissance, emphasizing the essentials in the common creed of human need. If we can emphasize the essentials of life, the needs of life in terms of the highest ethical value, then touching them with the wand of inspiration and the beauty of religion we can be instrumental in pointing men and women to the highest and best values of life. That it seems to me, is precisely the reason for the existence of any religion at all. The purpose of religion is to point to us, immerged in the problems and difficulties and trials of every-day existence, the purpose of religion is to point for us and to us an inspirative tendency, which through its reaction changes our environment and our moral expression. That is what religion is for, and any religion which does not change my conceptions of the values of life is a religion of little or no consequence, no matter what I might believe intellectually.

A church which does not inspire an action on my part as an individual unit of society to hold out my hands and try and lift up as I go all the rest with me, is a church that is not meeting its highest responsibility; or, in other words, the essence of religion is to be found in its pragmatic values for the re-moulding, re-shaping human conditions on this earth at the present time. And there is that inspiration

in religious truth which has that inspiring tendency. If we can find that in the creed which does not contain the element of ethics, the creeds with Christ left out—for all the creeds of Christendom, as creeds, not one of them has the Golden Rule, not one of them has the beatitudes, not one of them has the Sermon on the Mount, not one of them has the story of the "cup of cold water," not one of them has the story of the visitation in jail, not one of them has the story of the woman at the well. We can formulate into creeds a theological doctrine in regard to the supernatural in religion, but they are creeds with the pragmatism of Christ omitted.

Jesus was supreme in his concept of life's values; it was ideal and yet a pragmatic reality. Jesus' religion was an inspiration to the highest service of life, and, at the same time, an appeal to the mysteries of the soul, Jesus cared little for the intellectual statements of creedal faith. In fact, he never saw nor heard repeated the Nicene creed or the Apostle's creed. Jesus was very little interested in creedal statements as regards the coming of the end of the world or the doctrine of the second coming of Christ, or the other things that have broken asunder the Christian Church in non-essentials; but had it been united in the essentials to bringing into this world of ours a pragmatic philosophy of human betterment the world today, after nineteen centuries of experimentation, would not be fifteen per cent Christian as it is today, and the world today with more un-churched people in the United States than ever before in its history, with more people outside the Church of God today—why are they not in the church? Why aren't they a part of the spiritual program? Because they are largely weary, they are largely tired of attending the church to have their intelligence insulted by experimental ramifications of speculative philosophy in regard to theological creeds; but any church in America that seeks to touch human life with the upward impulse and bring to the hearts of man the reality of religion in terms of human service will find people flocking to its doors, for the people were never as hungry, never as tired, never as anxious to find some explanation of the enigma and mystery of it all as they are today, but they are very, very incredulous, they are coming with a challenge. Sophistries and platitudes will no longer win them. They come and look you in the face, and they assume the attitude of intellectual integrity. These are days in matters of religion where they are saying "We want to know. We are not concerned about guessing, and we are not concerned about theories."

And so we have come to that place in religion where it is necessary for the church to define religion in terms of our modern needs. I am going to give you what I think religion is.

I think that this is a law-governed universe, and because it is a law-governed universe an Intelligence can be predicated. Or, in other words, I cannot accept the atheistic, materialistic, mechanistic viewpoint of evolutionary naturalism.

I have just finished the monumental textbook on the evolutionary naturalist's theory of religions. A book by Professor Sellers of the University of Michigan, and yet Professor Sellers, while he makes out a very interesting case for the evolutionary naturalist, I think pre-supposes science to do something which science inherently lacks the capacity of doing. I think it is time in our religious thinking in the controversy between science and religion, for us to remember this fact: That science does not concern itself with the origin of things. Science is a classifier of laws and operations, but science cannot go back of that which already exists, and every time science makes an effort to speak to us about the origin of life science ultimately comes to that great Wall and it begins to flounder, it begins to reorganize, it begins to conjecture.

My friends, Emerson was right. God exists. You cannot predicate this world or one single law in it in all the physical realm without predicating an Intilligence. Things cannot happen! There are no accidents! Behind the whole scheme of human development is a sovereign intelligence.

The evolutionary naturalist who explains things upon a mechanistic impulse so that they take the orbit of the electron, for instance, the electron's orbit surrounding the atom, and the atomic theory that we are not working upon whereby we can analyze the atom even beyond the stage of the electron. So we are discovering that each electron itself moves in its distinct orbit, and yet it does not vary one one thousand billionth of an inch. It is operating and obeying a law.

And when we distribute properly the application of these laws in the world of the physical science we find that strength and health and power are the resultant actions. And when those laws are broken, when they are broken by the earth the earth opens up in a great earthquake, when they are broken by the fact that forty miles straight down from where I am standing is a seething mass of boiling fluid, that when some mountain or crater refuses to obey the law, an explosion takes place and we have the terrible volcanic eruption of earth. Everywhere in the world where you find a broken law you will find a penalty. And nothing does this world need so much as it needs this truth; as I have said again and again, and emphasize today because it needs emphasizing:

No good deed ever went unrewarded in this world, and no bad deed ever went unpunished in this world.

Here is our problem and here is our task, and back of all this is the fact of God.

Now then to me the highest expression of religion is the recognition that this is a divinely governed world; that there are certain impulses in this world that I can come as an individual into relationship with; or, in other words, that the spiritual quality of the universe is so highly evident in the machinations of man and the development of the universe that it is possible for me to have a personal authoritative relationship with those devine impluses. And the moment I put myself in relationship with the divine impulses of the world then I am supremely religious, no matter what my intellectual creed might be or my particular church might happen to be. For religion is a matter of program. Religion is like art. It is not a thing. Religion is a way. Religion is not something you can tie up and bind up in books. Religion is a process. Religion is not something that anybody in the twelfth century can say "here is the end. The doors of inspiration are closed. It is all in the past." Here is the sense of finality. Why, God is inspiring the creative genius of the world today just as he has always inspired them to a higher conception of religious truth. And every man who has an authentic relationship with the divine impulses of life is an inspired soul.

Inspiration is the common property of religious verification. And when we are inspired to higher action, when we are repelled in our own souls at evil deeds, when we look at ourselves in the mirror and say "Is it possible that you would do such a thing?"—in those moments, it is the essence of religious truth and beauty that sweeps over us with its appealing and inspiring hypnotism of love and makes us ashamed of ourselves. That is religion in the highest. It is the fact when you come to that place you have been in authentic relationship with spiritual reality. What do I mean by spiritual reality? I mean this: It is a very difficult matter in these days of machinery and mechanism, it is a very difficult matter for us to speak or think of religion except in terms of mechanistic phraseology. In other words, there is a tendency to become so pragmatic and so mechanical that a certain spiritual beauty is lost to our whole discussion. Sometimes

I think we could almost find a justification of that attitude in some of the philosophy of Jesus, for Jesus was decidedly practical at times. I remember how I was attracted to the thought when first it was brought to my attention, when Jesus saw that vine tree, and he said "What is that?" "That is a vine tree. It does not bear any fruit." "Very well, tear it up." "What is that?' "That is salt." "But that salt has lost its savor. It is tasteless." 'Very well, throw it away." "And there is a city that does not let its light shine." "What is the matter with it?" "It hides its light under a bushel." Jesus was an intensely practical man in his application of moral philosophy, but he likewise had a deep spiritual and abiding presence of that which he kept to be the sustaining Infinite in moments when he was aloof from the material contacts of the world. And in these days you and I must not get so mechanical and so theoretical and so much a part of this age of standardization; this age that determines everything by tonnage and mileage. Everything is a matter of tonnage and a matter of mileage. They advertise everything in the world on the basis of its pragmatic value. "We can carry so much stuff so many miles, with so much minimum of effort and least expenditure of money." Until "tonnage and mileage" properly characterizes much of the machinistic attitude of our age. In these days the Church has suffered by that same principle. We ministers these days are supposed to be more of social secretaries than we are prophets. Churches are supposed to be run as business institutions, and we try to run our old Peoples Church here in Chicago as a business proposition, but that is the thing sometimes that is too highly emphasized. A man came to me the other day and said: "You ought to run your church as a business institution," and I said, "Yes, and you ought to run your business as a religious institution."

And there are a lot of people in this world that are continually using the church and criticizing the church that it ought to run its business on a business basis that forget to run their business on a religious basis.

The Church is the most idealistic thing in human society and no minister can be sufficiently effective and powerful who has to be a social secretary, who has to live with a card-index to a group of names and who is at the beck and call of all for the mere purposes of social functions. In these days we need the prophet in the pulpit; in these days we need the heart and the soul that is aflame with the realities of religion and who is not so much concerned about machinery and organization. These days there is just the least tendency to desert the higher spiritual and more mystical beauties of life until I wonder how it is that some of us live at all the way we wrap mechanism around our lives; I sometimes wonder how the spirit can break through this crust of materialism; I sometimes wonder at the rush and hurry of it all in the anxiety to get wealth and position and power and fame, while we starve our souls; I wonder how some of us stand it as long as we do when only spiritual sustenance will keep us supremely happy in life! Only the concept that this is a spiritual universe will help us and mould us and guide us and keep us, only the reality of the Spirit.

Let me tell you something: A great book will arrive in America within a few weeks, written by a man named Spengel. Up until this time it was never published in the English language, but that book will be called "The History of the Decline of Western Civilization," and whether you believe its premises or not, whether you accept its hypothetical theory or not, there are some very interesting and fascinating viewpoints that no student of religion and no student of modern life can afford to miss. I have just finished a careful study and perusal of Spengel's attitude, and I was amazed at his discovery that every age of deterioration in the morals of a people has always followed that climax of scientific achievement.

Call the roll of the world's civilization, and wherever you stop you will discover that a moral and spiritual reaction set in to human society when they felt they had reached the climax in scientific knowledge and achievement. And this moral reaction which is sweeping the world today is the price we are paying for this sense of superiority. We have had that because we can go around the world through the air or we can sail across the continent, or we can go with terrific speed around the earth, under the sea or under the clouds, or I can stand in this pulpit and through this microphone speak to ten million people—and we claim it all as being a mark merely of achievement and progress, when the thing that determines the element of progress in scientific achievement is this: You go a mile a minute. That is not progress. Progress is why are you going a mile a minute, and I will determine what civilization you have achieved when you tell me why it is necessary to go a mile a minute!

Several homes in our city are broken hearted and grief stricken today, lives ruined now, two young men are cold in death, nineteen and sixteen, their lives snuffed out because they had to get somewhere at sixty miles an hour. You call that achievement? No.

Scientific achievement is only determined in the last by its reactions to the higher good of the people. Better we had automobiles that were so geared that they could not exceed twenty miles an hour than that we should kill our youth and our school children.

That is not civilization. That is not a standard of the Christ creed. That is not the policy or philosophy of life that is going to make our civilization secure.

Call the roll of the world if you want to see the record of history. The Chinese had many of our latest inventions thousands of years ago, and on the tablets of Babylon are written the machinery records of the world. Why, even today we have not recovered some of the lost arts of ancient Egypt. And yet the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome are only the dim outlines upon a rugged past, and, unless America can awaken to the spiritual realities of life and place the spiritual above the material, unless we can get some motive besides the motive of human power, the creeds of Christendom that have not the Christ will never save us from the avalanche and the wreck.

There are things of the spirt, those experiences which you have that come into your lives in a moment, those experiences that dawn at once when money and position, and even friends and worldly power mean nothing, then you cry out in the dark, and have you only the language of a cry?

What about the tabernacle of your soul when the storms of life surge about you? What is your strength then? And your answer will be that it will reveal to you and to me how seriously you have adjusted yourself to the divine impulses of the world.

I like the thought, and I reach out for it time and time again. I did this week when lying in my berth and watching the glory of a moonlight across one of our western states; I like to feel that I was a part of that glory, and there is not any thought that a man can have that is more exhilarating than the though that he is a part of God. God in me and I in Him.

If through the witchery of the air I could get into the hearts of these people who listen, whatever their circumstances—those two sick people who listened last Sunday and if today I could let them feel and know that we are a part of Infinity and of God and that the reactions would be beautiful and helpful; and to that soul out there in the prairie who feels that life has lost all import, nothing to live for, and only twenty-eight—and nothing to live for! Why, it is the business of religion to dignify human life.

It is the business of religion to paint life and to inspire action in terms of the highest good. That is religion. And any man of any race, of any creed, of any church that does that to me is a religious man, and I shall reach out my hand to him and call him Brother. That is religion, and I think that is all the religion that this world needs to save it and to make it well.

Off the coast of Brittany they will tell you the story of an ancient legend: That one evening, beautiful, still and calm a great tidal wave came and submerged the city, and now, after centuries and centuries have passed the people of that little village on the coast of Brittany on an evening when it is quiet and still and calm, they will go out in their little boats and row over that submerged city, and if they listen real carefully they will hear the cathedral bell of the buried city.

I think that is the way with religion.

All of us if we try real hard can hear the cathedral bell of our soul, for all of us have a soul, and the thing that shapes and inspires that soul for the highest and best in life is religion in the highest and the best.

Thomas Carlyle never tired of saying that sooner or later every man must choose between being a hero or a coward, and I say that every man sooner or later will manifest his heroism or his cowardliness only as he takes the beauty of religion into his own soul and then tries to distribute that beauty to every other soul that he comes in contact with. That is religion.

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Sundays—10:30 A M.

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A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

It is none too soon to think about Christmas and its joys. Much of the pleasure is to be found in the weeks of preparation and thoughfulness about Christmas which find their consummation in the observance of the day itself. I have always thought that the most sensible Christmas gift was one which did not pass out of memory with the passing of the holiday time. Does it not appeal to you as a wise suggestion that sending "The Liberal" to a group of friends might be a monthly reminder of Christmas Day. The church is very anxious of increasing the subscription list and the staff is doing all it can to make our church magazine worthy of your support and interest. Each issue will contain editorials by Dr. Bradley, a sermon delivered by him during the month and a complete calendar of the activities of the church. The magazins will be mailed to any address in the United States for one dollar a year. The subscription price with the cost of mailing deducted goes into the treasury of The Peoples Church. The advertisers make the magazine possible. If this happens to come to the attention of a non-subscriber will you not subscribe today? You will always be sure of receiving the magazine if you subscribe while depending upon purchasing it at the church is certain to bring disappointment as the issues are soon exhausted. Why not make a list of your friends and present them with a subscription. Kindly send subscriptions to Mrs. P. E. Goold, Secretary, 919 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill. Price one dollar a year. This magazine is on sale at Everybodys' Book Shop, 1018 Wilson Ave.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The Temple Club opened its winter's work most auspiciously. The opening meeting was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Sheridan Plaza Hotel on the evening of October 14th. The President, Mr. James H. Griffin presided and introduced the officers and chairmen of committees. Dr. Bradley lectured on Prof. Mark's novel, "The Plastic Age." One hundred and fifty-one young people attended the opening meeting.

The next meeting of the Club was a Hard Times Party and was given in the Terminal Hall, corner of Wilson and Clifton Avenues, on the evening of October 28th. Mr. Harold Fair and a group of musicians furnished the musical features of the evening. A large crowd was in attendance. The next meeting of the Club will be held on Armistice Day evening, November 11th in Channing Hall, 4701 Sheridan Road, corner of Leland Avenue. On that evening the members will select and discuss the play which they are to present in February. Mr. James Griffin will render some vocal selections and Miss Irma Becklenberg, a member of the Club and a musician of note in Chicago, will give a number of piano selections. Miss Becklenberg has just returned from a concert tour of South America. Miss Helen Bowles of Northwestern University will give a program of readings.

The Club has a very attractive program with a well balanced offering of social and educational features. Membership is open to the younger group interested in The Peoples Church. Miss Beatrice Jordan, 912 Sunnyside Ave., telephone Sunnyside 5643 will be very glad to furnish information as to membership and program to any who may be interested. The remainder of the program for the season of 1924-1925 is as follows:

November 11

Armistice Day Celebration, 8:00 p. m. Selection and discussion of play to be presented in February by the club members. — James Griffin. Piano Selections, Miss Becklenberg. Readings, Miss Helen Bowles.

November 25

Business meeting, 8:00 p. m. Thanksgiving Party, 9:00 p. m. Dancing. Entertainment and refreshments.

December 9

Address, Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, President, The Woman's Club of The Peoples Church. Subject to be announced. Musical Prelude, The Chorus Choir of The Peoples Church, Mr. Lash, conducting.

December 23

Discussion of distribution of Charity Baskets led by the Chairman of the Philanthropic Department of the Woman's Club, Mrs. Dora Reynolds. Pound Party for Christmas Charities of the church. Dancing, refreshments.

January 13

Address, "The University in the Life of Today," Prof. Fred Merrifield, University of Chicago. Piano and Violin Selections, Mr. Jerome Feingold and Mr. Robert Sanders.

January 27

Business meeting, 8:00 p. m. Card Party, 9 p. m. Tickets 50c. Prizes

February 9

Address, "Washington and Lincoln," 8:30 p. m. Mr. James Edgar Brown, L. L. B. of the Hamilton Club of Chicago. Musical Prelude, Vocal selections, Miss Francine Fuller, accompanied by Miss Ruth Johnson.

February 27

Business meeting, 8:00 p. m. Washington Party, 9:00 p. m. Dancing and refreshments.

March 10

Address, Mr. Dan B. Starkey, Editor, "Outer's Recreation." Subject to be announced. Vocal selections. Piano selections, Miss Romola Remus.

March 24

Business meeting, 8:00 p. m. The Temple Club will be hosts to the members of The Woman's Club and their escorts and the Board of Trustees, 9 p. m. Card Party, refreshments.

April 14

Address, "The Best Book I have Read this Year," Dr. Preston Bradley, 8:30 p. m. Musical Prelude. Readings, Miss Beatrice Jordan.

April 28

Temple Club Spring Informal, Edgewater Beach Hotel.

May 12

Address, "The Romance of Business," Mr. W. M. Stickney, Vice President, Stanton Hoit and Co. Entertainment by Club talent.

May 23

Annual meeting, 8:00 p. m. Election of Officers. Committee Reports. Discussion of plans for next season. Dancing and refreshments.

—James H Griffin, President.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The opening meeting of The Woman's Club of The Peoples Church was a luncheon given at the Edgewater Beach Hotel and attended by one hundred and seventeen ladies. The affair was given Monday, October 6th. The luncheon was served in the attractive Colonial Dining room and an added charm was given the occasion by the decorative flower baskets of beautiful gladioli and roses upon the tables. The President, Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, graciously welcomed the members and their friends, in her winsome and attractive manner She briefly outlined the plans and ideals of the Club for the coming year. The Club is now affiliated with the Federation of Women's Clubs and has the distinction of being the only church women's organization so affiliated. It can be truly said that no club entering on its first year in the Federation has ever planned a more ambitious or worthwhile program than this Club has undertaken. The program embodies a study of Immigration with special emphasis upon the contribution and influence of the foreign element upon the life of Chicago.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley were in attendance at the luncheon and were most graciously welcomed on their return from their vacation. Mrs. Bradley, who is the chairman of the Program Committee of the Club, then introduced Mrs. Marion Claire Behel, of Lake Bluff, who delighted the guests with her artistic playing of several violin numbers. She also gave most delightfully a group of vocal selections. She was accompanied on the piano by her talented mother, Mrs. Cook. Mrs. Behel is a consumate artist and her appearances at the Club are the events of the season. Dr. Bradley was then introduced and as always inspired the guests and friends. He urged us all to higher ideals and standards, stressing in particular the hope and expectation that this year would definitely mark the steps toward the new building. He inspired us to renewed zeal and effort and left with us the realization that this was to be the most important year in the history of the Club.

—Mabel M. Hassler.

An event of unusual interest and significance to the members of the Educational and Philanthropic Departments of the Woman's Club was held Monday morning, October 27th at 10:30 when Dr. Bradley gave the Dedicatory Address of the new quarters of the Club and church activities at 4701 Sheridan Road. All of the church and club events will be held in the new rooms except the Sunday church service and the two general monthly meetings of the Woman's Club which will be held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. The new rooms are commodious and have been most artistically redecorated and furnished. The Temple Club will meet there as will also the Choir, Men's Forum and School of Religious Education. The hall has been dedicated, Channing Hall, in memory of the great pioneer of religious liberty, William Ellery Channing. The hall was filled at this opening meeting. The Phil-

anthropic Dept. met in the afternoon. At the morning meeting of the Educational Department, the chairman, Mrs. H. R. Dalyrymple, presented a very interesting program on "The Art and Customs of Italy." Mrs. Crabb read a paper on "The Paintings of Italy," Mrs. Hassler on "The Customs of Italy," and Mrs. Whittaker on "The Music of Italy." Mrs. Hassler also led the discussion of "Current Events." The next meeting of the Educational Department will be held November 10th, and the subject will be "Italians in Chicago."

The afternoon of November 3rd, the Woman's Club gave a Card Party at the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

AN APPEAL

In a few weeks cold wintry days will be with us. This is always a time of intense suffering and brings many appeals for help. The Peoples Church and the Woman's Club maintains a Philanthropic Department which operates all the year through. Most noble work has been done. Will not the members and friends of the church assist this department to meet every worthy call again this year. Donations of clothing or anything that might be the means of helping some unfortunate one, will be appreciated.

—Dora E. Reynolds, Chairman of the Philanthropic Dept. of the Woman's Club and H. A. Borresen, Chairman of the Philanthropic Committee of The Peoples Church.

CHURCH NEWS

The church services were resumed Sunday morning October 5th in the Pantheon Theater. A great audience greeted Dr. Bradley who spoke on the subject, "The Indian Summer of Life." Mr. Clarence Eddy, presided at the organ and The Peoples Church Chorus Choir, under the direction of Mr. Dewitt Durgin Lash, rendered some beautiful anthems.

Broadcasting Station WQJ broadcast the entire service and will continue to broadcast the services for the year. This service marked the beginning of the thirteenth year of the pastorate of Dr. Bradley. A spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm prevails throughout the entire Church and this year promises to be a banner year in the life of the church.

Father's Day was commemorated by the church with a service which attracted a capacity congregation on Sunday morning, October 19th. The Lions Club of Uptown Chicago attended in a body. Mr. Harry Meek, past President of the Lions Club, and the originator of the Father's Day idea was present and read a letter from President Coolidge written for the occasion. Dr. Bradley spoke on "The Responsibilities of Fatherhood." The first edition of this sermon was exhausted at once. The Brunswick-Collendar Co. ordered 100 copies for their employees. The requests of the radio audience have taken all copies now on hand and a new printing is on the press.

Dr. Bradley has had a very busy month since church opened. On October 7th he addressed the Ministers' Luncheon in Peoria, Illinois and that evening gave the annual Conference Address before the Confernce of the Universalist Church in Peoria. Thursday noon October 9th, he attended the luncheon of the Professional Men's Club at St. Paul and in the afternoon addressed 1200 delegates of the National Convention of Funeral Directors. Friday afternoon, October 10th, he addressed the State Teachers' Federation at the Normal College in Stevens Point, Wisconsin. Monday evening, October 13th, he lectured before the John Ericcson League at Rockford, Ill. Tuesday evening, October 14th, he spoke for the Temple Club, Thursday evening, October 16th, he lectured for the Unitarian Church at Hinsdale, Ill., on "Reality in Religion." Thursday evening, October 23rd, he acted as Grand Orator at the Constitution of Willing Lodge of Masons number 1115.

Sunday evening, November 2nd, he appeared at the Sunday evening Club at Peoria. Monday evening, November 3rd, he lectured on the Y. M. C. A. course at Springfield, Missouri. Wednesday, November 5, he addressed the City Club at Kansas City. Thursday, November 6th, he addressed the Teachers of Oklahoma at Durant and Friday evening, November 7th, he spoke in Altus, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Hannah Goodfellow, 4254 N. Hermitage Ave., is gradually improving from her serious accident of some months ago. She is suffering from a fractured hip. At present she is able to be up a short time each day. We hope to welcome her to the services before very long.

Mr. Benjamin Thomas of 918 Sunnyside Ave., while visiting relatives at Rockford, Illinois, was seriously injured by an automobile. Mr. Thomas is eighty-two years of age and the father of Mrs. Dora E. Reynolds, who is active in the Women's Club of The Peoples Church.

Sunday evening, October 26, Dr. Bradley preached in the Ravenswood Congregational Church for the pastor, Dr. J. Morriston Thomas on "Reality in Religion." The Peoples Church Chorus Choir sang at the service. The church was crowded to capacity and scores were turned away.

Mrs. Charles E. Botley, 3706 Rokeby St., since her return from Cincinnatti early in the fall has been in ill health and has not been able to continue her activity with the Woman's Club. It is hoped that she can soon return to her church and club.

Mrs. Frederick J. Crabb, of Leland Ave., is spending two weeks as a guest of relatives in St. Louis.

Mrs. P. E. Goold, the secretary of the church, has been confined to her home by illness for two weeks. She is very much improved and has resumed her busy task.

Mr. C. K. Anderson, 531 Roscoe St., has made two business trips to New York since church opened.

Channing Hall, 4701 Sheridan Road, may be secured by clubs and societies and programs. Arrangements may be made with Mrs. G. P. Boyle, 927 Ainslie St., telephone Sunnyside 6391.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, the organist of the church, was absent two Sundays. He was playing on a recital tour in San Francisco and Los Angeles. This was Mr. Eddy's twenty-fifth transcontinental concert tour.

Mr. and Mrs. George U. Gairing and daughter, Virginia, 1264 Winnemac Ave., attended the Home Coming Game at the University of Illinois. Their son, George, is a student at the University, enrolled in the Liberal Arts Course.

FUNERALS

October 15 — Col. William Pearce Tuttle. Interment Graceland.

October 23—Mrs. Joseph Hoffman. Interment St. Louis.

October 6—Mrs. Elmer L. Marable. Interment Graceland.

October 27—Mrs. Morris L. Lychenheim. Interment Graceland.

October 11—Mrs. Charles W. Swank. Interment Galesburg.

CHRISTENINGS

September 27—Julius Warne Cram at Detroit, Mich.

October 5—Donald Erwin Coll.

WEDDINGS

October 14—Mr. Frank Gloodt and Miss Kate Gourley.

October 15—Mr. William H. Riley of Oak Park and Miss Eva M. Yetter of Steward, Ill.

October 30—Mr. H. F. Weber and Miss McCulloch.

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"The Liberal" is published every month and contains editorials and a sermon by Dr. Bradley, together with the news of the activities of the church and members. By sending one dollar to Mrs. P. E. Goold, 919 Sheridan Road, Chicago, you will be mailed a copy each month.

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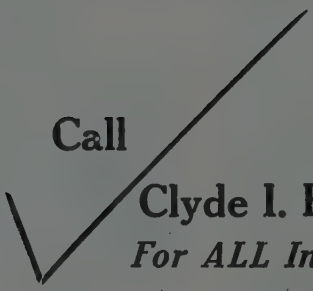

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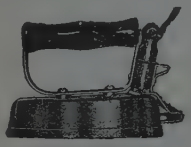

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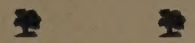

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